Safe With Me

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Safe With Me

by KagomeBenihime

Summary

Will meets Hannibal while he's studying in Florence and they soon hit it off, can their courtship survive Will learning the truth?

Will panted softly as he hurried down the street towards the address his partner had hissed into the radio before going silent. *Damn idiot!*

Will and his gruff old partner were looking into the Il Monstro killings. Will having only recently started as he had moved to Florence for a few months on exchange and had gotten a rookie cop job. The only one willing to take Will as a partner and save him from paper pushing, was Javert.

Then the idiot had to rush off on a hunch without telling Will, only to radio him and say he was in trouble.

A noise down a nearby alley had Will's gun up, eyes squinting through the darkness to try and see as he fumbled for his flashlight, "Who's there?" He called, hoping that if it was Javert, he would answer, if it was an enemy, they might move to attack him and Will could get a bead on them to shoot. "Javert?"

Out of the shadows stepped-

Will sighed softly, his shoulders relaxing, "What are you doing out here, Mr. Lecter? It's late."

Hannibal Lecter, a student of medicine in the city, had been questioned on the strange killings and Will had become acquainted. Hannibal was only a few years older then Will and had been rather kind to Will. Hannibal wasn't like other alphas Will knew, most were chauvinists, rambling on about how 'alphas are superior to omegas and betas' and 'an omega like you shouldn't have a dangerous job like this!'. But the law was on Will's side, and he didn't care what they thought.

Hannibal smiled lightly, "Will, I was just returning from the gallery," he held up his black sketch book before sighing, "and I've told you, please, call me 'Hannibal', saying Mr. Lecter makes me sound ancient."

Will chuckled, "Sorry… I'm a bit on edge…"

Hannibal tilted his head, his brows furrowing in concern, "Is something wrong?"

Will sighed, holstering his gun, "Javert radioed me, gave me an address near here, but then he cut out, I haven't heard anything since…"

Hannibal looked strange for a moment, almost angry, but then it was replaced with concern, "What was the address? Perhaps I could be of some help?"

Will shook his head quickly, "I couldn't, endangering a civilian is-"

Hannibal raised a hand, "I was not suggesting that, I just worry about you being out here alone, yes, you have your gun, and while I am sure you know how to use it, I would feel better knowing you had some form of backup."

Will sighed softly, "I… Thank you, I honestly don't really want to be alone right now either…"

Hannibal smiled gently, "Where are we headed then?"

Will told him the address and they moved off towards it, keeping their eyes peeled for trouble.

They got there and Will sighed in frustration, it was a large warehouse, padlocked and closed tight.

Hannibal looked in the dark windows and sighed, "I don't think anyone is there, Will…"

Will nodded, "Maybe he… dropped his radio and it died or… something…" he knew he was grasping at straws, but he didn't want to think of the alternative.

Hannibal nodded, "Perhaps you should call in a report and I can walk you home."

Will nodded, reaching for his radio and explaining it all to Rebecca, the sweet omega who ran the dispatch.

Once he was done, Will gave Hannibal a weak smile, "Sorry to drag you into this…"

Hannibal chuckled, "I got here on my own. It's nice to have company."

Will nodded, smiling back before they moved off down the road again, Hannibal glancing back at the warehouse with a triumphant snarl.

Will woke the next day with a call from the commander, wanting him back at the warehouse, Pronto! When Will arrived, the commander introduced Will to Renaldo Pazzi.

Will was star struck, the lead investigator on the monstro case!

"You came here last night and saw nothing?" Pazzi asked.

Will nodded, "Nothing, sir."

Pazzi nodded, "Perhaps it happened elsewhere and was staged or… they hid it somehow…"

Will's stomach dropped, "Hid… what, sir?"

Pazzi led Will inside the warehouse, there, on a scarlet cloth draped couch, lay Javert, his body posed and dressed in what looked like a toga, a dagger hanging above him by a string.

"Sword of Damocles…" Will said softly.

Pazzi nodded, "judging from the rigger, he was likely dead before you got here…"

Will looked away, if he had only moved faster! He-

Pazzi put a hand on Will's shoulder, "Don't beat yourself up. He knew the risk of going in alone, don't carry the weight of that with you."

Will nodded, sighing, "I'm sorry, sir." He said softly.

Pazzi nodded, though he looked thoughtful.

After a while, the commander came over and told Will that he would be working with Pazzi now.

Will was shocked, but he took the chance, he didn't want to ride a desk the rest of his time here.

When he was sent off from the crime scene, Will went to the gallery, looking at the Primavera for a bit. It was a beautiful painting, Will could see why Il Monstro had copied it… sighing, Will ran a hand through his hair, his brain was spinning, he couldn't think like this…

"Will?"

Will looked up to see Hannibal, again with his sketchbook, smiling at him, "May I sit?"

"Y-yeah," Will said quickly, flushing and moving over on the bench so Hannibal had room, "Sorry, lost in thought…"

Hannibal sat and looked at Will "Penny for your thoughts?"

Will laughed, quickly stopping when he remembered where they were, "You'd have to be pretty rich…"

"Try me." Hannibal said softly.

Will sighed, explaining how his mind worked differently, how he saw things he shouldn't, Javert's death and Will's promotion to Pazzi, how he couldn't keep his thoughts straight when he could see the beauty in Il Monstro's murders, but his morality wared against it. By the time he'd finished, the gallery was much more vacant than before.

Hannibal seemed deep in thought before looking at Will again, "Are you happy, Will?"

Will blinked, "huh?" Nice one Graham, very sophisticated…

"Are you happy? Your career is advancing, you aren't left wasting at a desk… there are things to be sad about, but can you also be happy?"

Will thought for a moment, "I… suppose so… but it won't matter for too long… I'm only here for another few months before I'm expected back in the states…"

Hannibal looked up at him again, "You're leaving?"

Will nodded, "Not until summer, but-"

Hannibal turned to fully face Will, "Will, may I court you?"

Will stared, "Huh?" Again? Come on! You are better than that!

Hannibal looked down at his hands, "I… find that I very much enjoy your company, I hoped to reach the point of courtship naturally, but it seems time is at least partially against me. I apologize for the abrupt nature of my asking but-"

Will chuckled softly, "Sure," he said softly, taking the initiative and reaching out to take Hannibal's hands in his own, "I think I'd really like that."

Will smiled softly as he sat at the café. It had been two months now, two months of courtship with Hannibal. Will never thought he'd be one for courting, or dating in general, but Hannibal made it so easy.

He didn't shower Will with gifts, though Will knew he wanted to, he kept it practical and smooth, getting Will a new set of sheets and a soft blanket for his bed or a new jacket when he saw Will's old one had holes, he invited Will to dinner any chance he got, whether at a restaurant or cooking it himself, and Hannibal was a fantastic cook.

"Hello, Will."

Will looked up and smiled at the alpha.

"Were you waiting long?" Hannibal asked softly as he slid into the seat across from Will.

"Not really," Will said, "they haven't even made it over to take the order yet."

Hannibal nodded, "Good, it would be rather remiss of me to be late."

They had begun this tradition early on, every Monday, they would meet at a different café and have breakfast together before Hannibal went to classes and Will went in to work.

Will smiled softly as the waiter came over.

"What can I get you?" He asked, smiling, rather flirtingly, at Will.

"Uh, two crescent rolls, an eclare, and a coffee and a spiced apple cider." Will said, smiling back shyly, he wasn't used to people paying so much attention to him… *maybe it was the jacket…*

"How would you like your coffee?" The waiter asked, jotting the order down.

"Black," Hannibal said softly, sounding slightly miffed, "two sugars, please."

The waiter nodded, "I'll have that right out." He said, smiling again before hurrying off.

Will looked out at the quiet street, he liked this part of the city, it was quiet, soothing…

"Will?"

Hannibal's hand on his own broke Will from his trance.

"Sorry, what?" He smiled softly, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to daze out on you like that."

Hannibal smiled back, "I don't mind, honestly, you looked almost angelic, I would have loved to sketch you… but you looked sad, so I worried."

Will sighed softly, "Just thinking about how I'll miss it here is all… its beautiful… peaceful even…"

"Then why not stay?" Hannibal asked, looking at him, "why leave if you enjoy it so?"

Will smiled sadly, "my scholarship will be up, with that, I'll lose my funding and my student visa, can't stay without documents."

Hannibal sighed, they had discussed this before, but it still made him sad.

Will opened his mouth to comfort him when their order was placed on the table.

"Here you go honey." The waiter said, smiling at Will, "Where are you from, if I can ask? I've never heard that accent before…"

Will blinked, "Oh, uh… New Orleans."

"American!" The waiter said, smiling bigger, "Nice." He patted Will's shoulder as he moved away again.

Will thought he heard a growl, but when he turned back to Hannibal, the alpha was calmly drinking his coffee.

Will sipped his cider, humming happily, he had always loved warm cider on a cool day, and the clouds above them promised rain later.

"Would you tell me about your home?" Hannibal asked softly, "you seldom seem to want to discuss it."

Will looked up at him and smiled weakly, "Oh, sorry, I never really thought about it…" he took another sip, looking thoughtful, "Well… my ma left when I was young, so I don't remember him much… just that he had my hair… and eyes…" he looked down, "pa never passed up a chance to tell me that…"

Hannibal frowned, "Was your father… cruel?"

Will sighed softly, "Pa wasn't the kindest, but he taught me how to work, fix motors and such, how to fish." Will smiled softly, "Always loved to fish… was good at it too. Sometimes I would take my catches to the market and sell them. We didn't have much money, but our little group of homes on the bayou… every Friday, everyone would come together and make gumbo…" he chuckled, "that was the best! We would all pitch in something, sometimes

people brought ingredients for the gumbo, sometimes they'd bring hush puppies or pobois, I loved the weeks I could take prawns or crawfish…" Will suddenly blushed, looking at Hannibal, "S-sorry, I got rambling didn't I…"

Hannibal smiled, "I don't mind, I love to learn more about you."

Will took another drink, not that it really hid his blush.

Hannibal chuckled before looking at his watch, "I apologize, Will, but I have a class soon." He pulled out his wallet, and handing Will several large bills, "Take the remainder for your lunch later?" Hannibal asked, smiling, "I would also ask if you are free Friday, I would like to make you dinner."

Will took the money and nodded, smiling at Hannibal, "Alright, have a good class."

Hannibal smiled and moved off, briefcase in hand.

A few moments later, the server arrived again, "Anything else I can get you?"

"Uh, check please." Will said, "and another cider to go." He smiled at the man, trying to be friendly.

The server, 'David', according to his HI! My name is badge, beamed at him, "Coming right up!"

Will waited and soon, David returned with the check and the cider in a to go cup.

Will nodded and paid, then moved off down the road.

Hannibal watched silently from a nearby alley, he hadn't had a class today, but he watched the waiter flirt with Will again, then he saw the man write his phone number on Will's to go cup!

Thankfully, Will didn't notice it, Hannibal watched Will leave and waited, the man's shift should end soon…

Will got the call Tuesday evening, he arrived at the park Pazzi had given him the address to, surprised by what he saw.

The man's body was laying across the lap of another body, this one a woman, almost looking like the Michelangelo statue The Pietà.

Will moved closer and stopped dead, eyes wide.

"God…" he whispered softly.

Both bodies were missing things, the man was opened and missing several organs, while the female was missing an entire leg under the robe she was in. But that wasn't what startled Will.

He knew them…

"Will?" Pazzi said, looking at him.

"I-I know them…" he managed softly, "Th-the man was a waiter at the café near Palermo… David something… and the woman is Lucy Green… my neighbor…" the neighbor he had complained about to Hannibal, as she was always throwing late parties or blasting music at all hours…

Pazzi was staring at him, "Have you had regular contact with them?" He asked.

Will shook his head, "I only met David once… he served me breakfast on Monday… and Lucy… well, she basically told me to never speak to her so…"

Will's mind was spinning, he knew… he wished he couldn't see it, wished he didn't realize exactly what he had just now…

"Will," Pazzi said softly, "do you have something for me?"

Will found himself shaking his head, "No, I… I'm just… I don't know what to think… Lucy lived next to me… the waiter *flirted* with me… now…" he gestured to the tablou.

Pazzi nodded slowly, seeming to accept that, "Go home, Will." He said softly, "you are too close to this. Get some rest."

Will nodded, returning home in a daze, the next two days, Will was in crisis, his mind spinning and punch drunk, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't calm his mind enough to try, but Thursday evening, he finally sighed in defeat, he picked up the phone, checking the time and sighing.

She'll still be awake… Will thought, dialing.

"Hello?" A rather unfamiliar voice answered.

"Uh," Will managed before shaking himself, "Is Beverly there?"

There was a silence for a moment, "This is her girlfriend." Came the icy response, "May I ask who you are?"

"Uh, I'm Will, Bev and I-"

He didn't get the chance to continue as the girlfriend screeched on the other end "Bevy! Some weirdo named Will wants to talk to you!"

Will heard the familiar squeal and running feet, then a scuffle, Will guessed a fight for the phone, before he heard Beverly's happy voice.

"What's up roomie?! You haven't talked to me in ages! What is up with that?!"

Will sighed, Beverly had this uncanny ability to make Will calm, she had been Will's roommate when he had gone to college before his scholarship to Florence. Anytime his mind tried to overwhelm him, Beverly was there, holding him and soothing him, she was the only other alpha Will trusted… now… he needed her.

"Bev…" he said, shocked by how close to tears he sounded.

Beverly's giggles stopped instantly, "Will? Will, what's wrong? Are you alright?"

Will sobbed, "I don't know what to do Bev…" he said softly, "I don't…"

Will could almost see Beverly, her smiles and joking gone, her shoulders squared as her alpha instincts to help her omega friend pushed her chin up.

"Did something happen?" She asked softly, "Talk to me, Will."

Will found himself crying as he explained, he explained about meeting Hannibal, courting, how Hannibal made him feel and how he felt happy and wanted, then his fears that Hannibal might have done something bad. He didn't elaborate, but he knew Beverly would understand that Will was seriously concerned.

"Will," Beverly said softly, trying to soothe as much as she could over the phone. Will could almost feel the tension behind her voice, knowing she hated not being able to truly comfort him. "Do you love him?"

Will froze, love… do I love him? "Yes…" he said, realizing it was the truth, "yeah, I do…"

"Then go for it!" Beverly said, "if you're that worried about it, maybe talk to him, and figure it out. Running from it won't help."

Will nodded, realizing she was right, "Yeah… you're right. Thank you so much Bev. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Crash and burn." She said, the grin obvious in her voice.

Will chuckled softly, "I guess tell your girlfriend sorry, I think she thought we-"

Beverly blew a raspberry, "Oi, alright."

Will smiled, "I love you Bev." He said softly.

"Love you too, bestie." Beverly said softly, "Now go get your man."

Will laughed, bidding Beverly good night and promising to call another time, then he hung up and began to plan.

Hannibal opened the door Friday evening, smiling at Will, "Good Evening, Will." He said softly, gesturing him in.

Will smiled softly at him, holding out a bottle of wine, "I know you probably have better but… the connoisseur at the shop said it was good for a courtship gift…"

Hannibal took the bottle, looking at the label and humming happily, "They are not wrong, but I doubt it would pair with tonight's meal, perhaps we can share it later."

Will nodded, ducking his head shyly, he wished he could have afforded something better… but- the smell of food inside cut off the thoughts like a knife through butter. He took a deep breath, almost unable to believe it, "Hannibal… you made gumbo?"

Hannibal smiled, "After you told me of your home, I felt you could use some, you never seem homesick, but I thought you would enjoy."

Will hugged Hannibal tightly, his face buried in his chest, "Thank you." He said, though it was very muffled.

Hannibal chuckled, the rumble of it running under Will's face, "You are most welcome, Will."

They ate the gumbo with a nice Chenin Blanc, crab cakes, and some hush puppies, talking about New Orleans, Will's old Coonhound Wallace, about America and the things Will missed and what he would miss here when he left.

They finished the meal and Will and Hannibal moved to the sitting room, chatting more before Hannibal glanced at the clock.

"Goodness, I had not paid attention to the time, you might be able to make it to the last bus if-
"

"I…" Will started, swallowing back his nerves before trying again, "I thought… I would stay here tonight."

Hannibal looked at Will, surprised, but Will smiled at him before he tilted his head slightly and exposed his scent gland.

Hannibal moved closer slowly, "Will… are you-?"

"I'm sure…" Will said softly, "you're the best thing that's ever happened to me…"

Hannibal smiled and moved forward, pressing his nose to Will’s scent gland, inhaling deeply, "Dear Will… you have made me the happiest man alive."

Will chuckled softly, reaching to stroke Hannibal's hair gently, "You've done the same for me…"

Hannibal picked Will up easily and hurried upstairs placing Will on the bed gently.

Will was nervous, perhaps even scared, but when Hannibal kissed him, Will's mind clicked into place and he had clarity, this was Hannibal, this was his chosen mate, and he would protect him until his last breath.

Hannibal purred softly as he kissed Will, gently stroking the omegas curls and neck, "Are you sure, Will?" He tried to ask again softly, "You're trembling."

Will sighed softly, "A little nervous…" he admitted, "but I'm sure. I want you, Hannibal."

Hannibal nodded, "You have never been with an alpha before Will?"

Will shook his head and Hannibal nodded, fighting down the pride of knowing he would be the only one to know Will like this.

"I will try to stay gentle for your first time…" he said softly, "but with mate haze, I can't promise."

Will nodded, "I know…" he murmured, "I know… please, Hannibal…"

Hannibal smiled at him gently before leaning in and licking along Will’s scent gland before biting down.

Will howled sharply as the pain of the bite was drowned in an explosion of want and need.

Hannibal growled softly in triumph, Will was his. His!

Will whined softly, gripping at Hannibal's shirt as he trembled under the alpha, the emotions and sensations rushing through him in waves, mating heat filling his mind, "Oh God… Hannibal-"

Before Will could continue, Hannibal was ripping his shirt apart, licking strips across the omegas chest as he ripped at the pants.

Will was just as savagely desperate, his hands yanking Hannibal's shirt over his head, teeth snapping at Hannibal's ear as he tried to mark Hannibal back.

Hannibal growled softly and grabbed the hair at the nape of Will’s neck.

Will stilled with a plaintiff whine.

Hannibal smiled and guided Will's lips to his neck, "Wild little thing." He purred, "I am yours as you are mine."

Will bit down with a fierce growl that surprised him, omegas didn't growl often, in fact, it was almost unfeasible. Omegas were sweet, gentle… but then, Will had never been a 'normal' omega.

I mean… look at me, I just mate marked a serial killer! A small, still logical part of his brain said, making Will chuckle.

Hannibal stroked his hair, "Something I said?" He asked.

Will pulled back slightly, shaking his head slightly before licking at the bite, "Just… realizing it's really happening."

Hannibal smiled, nuzzling Will's jaw, "Yes… it is… and I will cherish you, for as long as I live."

Will purred happily before Hannibal ripped the rest of their clothes away and pressed close to him.

Will moaned softly, the skin contact sending shivers through his body.

"Will…" Hannibal growled softly, "I love you…"

"I love you too… Hannibal…" Will whispered, his arms wrapping around his alphas neck, "I love you…"

Hannibal pulled Will into a crushing hug as he thrust into Will’s willing body.

Will cried out, gripping at Hannibal's neck, his shoulders, his hair, moaning loudly at each thrust.

Hannibal growled and snarled as he continued, going harder, faster, deeper as Will cried out for more.

They continued for hours, needing more, more, more!

When they finally collapsed together and the mate haze faded, Hannibal held Will close and stroked his fingers along his spine gently. "I am grateful that you chose me, Will…" he murmured softly.

"Me too." Will said, realizing how much he truly meant that.

They were silent for a moment before Will sighed softly.

"Will you promise me something?"

"Anything, Will." Hannibal said softly, "for you, anything."

Will looked up at Hannibal, "I want to be your partner, Hannibal. Not just a pampered prize omega. Alright?"

Hannibal smiled, nuzzling Will's jaw gently, "I wouldn't want it any other way, Will."

Being mated did wonders for Will, he ate better and more regularly, he went for morning runs and got in better shape than he was before. With Hannibal handling finances, he quit the police job and focused more on his studies.

Being mated, Will didn't have to worry about his visa anymore, since his alpha was an official resident, he was able to stay in Florence, and with Hannibal. But as Hannibal neared his own graduation, he surprised Will.

Hannibal came home one evening, smiling proudly and handing Will an envelope.

"What's this?" Will asked, taking it and opening it. Inside were two plane tickets.

Will looked at Hannibal, confused, "We're going to Maryland?"

"I've been accepted at John Hopkins," Hannibal said with a smile, "we will be moving there."

Will smiled up at Hannibal, wide eyed, "Really?"

Hannibal nodded and Will jumped up to hug him.

"That's wonderful, Hannibal! I knew you could get into a great school!" Will pulled back and looked up at him, "but… why America? I thought you loved it here."

"I do," Hannibal said, tucking a stray curl behind Will's ear, "and I always will, but I know you miss your home, and I believe there is a teaching job opening at Quantico that you qualify for."

Will chuckled, hugging Hannibal again, "I love you, Hannibal."

"I love you too, dearest Will." Hannibal murmured into his curls.

Will learned the second reason later that day when a knock came at the door, Will started to rise, but Hannibal stopped him.

"Stay here, please Will." Hannibal said softly, standing, "I will handle it."

Will was confused, but he sat again, usually it was the omegas of the home who would answer the door. Did Hannibal want to hide that he was mated? Why would he?

Then Will heard the voice, "You were near the scene of at least three of the Il Monstro killings, can you explain why?"

Will gasped softly, *Pazzi! He must be close to figuring out Hannibal was the killer! That was why they were going to America, out of Pazzi's jurisdiction.*

Will listened as Hannibal and Pazzi talked, Hannibal cool and collected, Pazzi gruff and argumentative, until Hannibal bid Pazzi a pleasant evening and closed the door.

"Hannibal?" Will asked as his alpha came in again, "Are you… ashamed of me?"

Hannibal stilled, looking shocked, "Absolutely not, Will, whatever gave you such a thought?"

Will looked at his hands, "You didn't want me at the door… and…"

Hannibal knelt in front of Will, taking his hands gently, "Darling Will…" he said softly, kissing Will's hands and wrists gently, "I could never be ashamed of you, you are the world to me. I only asked to answer the door because I knew who it would be and knew they wanted to talk to me, I didn't wish you to be thrown into all of this…"

Will nodded slowly, "Alright…" he looked up, "I'm your partner… right?"

Hannibal smiled, "Yes Will, and you are the love of my life."

Will smiled, "Alright… thank you, Hannibal."

They moved a week later, buying a large, very beautiful, home in Baltimore.

Hannibal began working at John Hopkins and writing research papers, he also studied other fields of science as he worked.

Will kept his own surname in the states, wanting people to take his own research papers seriously and not just because he was a Lecter. He always wore his ring and the bite mark was never hidden, but no one ever asked him about his mate.

After a few years of teaching, and after Hannibal moved specialties, Agent Jack Crawford came to him and asked to "borrow his imagination" Will reluctantly accepted.

A night or two later, Hannibal came to him with a soft smile, "I was approached today by an Agent Crawford, he wants me to do a psychological profile on a new profiler."

Will groaned, he knew what profiler, "What did you say?"

"Simply that I would look at the file." Hannibal said, still smiling.

Will rolled his eyes, he would rather have Hannibal as his assessor then anyone else, Hannibal understood Will's mind better than anyone. He didn't like the thought of another shrink trying to poke around in there…

"Wouldn't you get in trouble? If they found out?" Will asked.

Hannibal sighed softly, "Well, I believe that I could stay unbiased, but I don't know that others would believe that I could."

Will sighed, shaking his head slightly, "I don't really want other people digging around in my brain… but I don't want you to get in trouble either…"

Hannibal smiled gently, "I have more than enough for us to live on, even if they did get angry, but I think we can work it correctly."

Will was in Jack's office, having just finished his coffee, when Hannibal entered with Jack, "It is certainly a strange case, I will be very interested to help you catch them. Oh, hello Darling."

Will smiled, looking up, "Hi hun."

Hannibal smiled and leaned forward to kiss Will before sitting beside him and continuing the conversation as if nothing had happened.

It took Jack several minutes to pick his jaw up off the floor and sputter out his confused questions.

Hannibal explained that Will was his mate and had been since they had met in Europe years ago, he explained how Will was adverse to therapy and he didn't think Will would accept anyone trying to get inside his head.

Jack didn't seem to like it, but he accepted that this might be the only way to get Will to help him. He did however, try to (subtly (not really)) push Will towards another therapist, Doctor Deu Maurier.

Will knew her, she was a 'friend' of Hannibal's, she was (in Will's **absolutely** unbiased opinion) a manipulative bitch who shouldn't still be breathing… She continually tried to influence Hannibal, often against Will.

Will could see her intentions… She wanted Hannibal as her own leashed dog, and Will and his 'morals' were in the way. Not that Hannibal would ever abide her outright saying Will had to go, but Will knew she would poke the bear from time to time, even if it terrified her what Hannibal was capable of.

Will tolerated it as much as he could, but he knew that he wouldn't be able to for forever, Bedelia was the worst… and he told Hannibal AND Jack as much, not that it did anything…

"It's for your own good." Jack would say.

"It's out of my hands…" Hannibal would try to explain.

Will seethed about how the BSU would treat him. Yes, he was an Omega, that didn't mean he was made of glass!

Hannibal knew that… he was always there for Will when he needed him. If Will was feeling too coddled, Hannibal would pin him down and fuck him until he had no voice left to cry. If Will felt too pressured by Jack's demands, Hannibal would hold him, stroke his curls and purr to him until he had calmed, then make love to him before holding him close until he fell asleep.

Hannibal was always there and knew what Will needed and when. Just like Will knew where Hannibal went with his "patient emergency"s and his "small gathering"s.

Will waited, he wanted Hannibal to feel he could tell him his secret, he didn't want to hurt Hannibal or make him worry, but sometimes, it could be very… *veeeery* difficult…

Like when Will and Hannibal had gone to the local farmers market and some teenagers had been making kissy faces at Will and puffing up their chests to look like a better alpha then Hannibal, Will wanted to vault the fruit stand and throttle them.

But he didn't.

Or when they had gone out on vacation and the receptionist at the hotel was very snippy and cynical, seeming to hate anyone who wasted her precious time by making her do her job. Will had woken up late, thinking about going down there, but Hannibal wasn't in bed with him, so Will sighed and went back to sleep. The receptionist was noticeably absent the next day.

But it was the worst when Jack would push and push Will to find the Ripper.

"You're the best one for this, Will." Jack said, trying to sound in charge, but to Will, it seemed like begging. "You can 'see' him."

Will had sighed and shook his head along with Jack's continued rants before finally walking out, Jack was obsessed… Will didn't even think he noticed him leave, having built up a full head of steam.

Will checked his watch, he had two more lectures today but making a split second decision, Will texted Alana and asked her to cover his lectures since he wasn't feeling well, then he went home.

Enough was enough.

He wasn't at all surprised to see Hannibal's car, but no Hannibal in the house, Will moved to the pantry and found the secret hatch opened.

He had known about the basement since they had moved in, again he didn't say anything about it to Hannibal, but now, he had hit the end of his rope.

Will descended the stairs and peeked into the room as Hannibal unwrapped a long package to reveal someone's leg, cut just below the knee, he carried it to the saw nearby and turned it on, sawing the foot and ankle away.

Will stepped out and waited, Hannibal turned and saw him, stopping mid step and staring at his mate.

"Why, Hannibal?" Will asked softly.

"Will…" Hannibal said softly, eyes darting around for a weapon in case the omega ran, "I-"

"You said I was your partner…" Will said softly, "and you still left me behind?"

Hannibal stared at him, looking, for lack of a better word, confused.

Will shook his head, "I've *known*, Hannibal. I knew since before we mated, I wanted you to tell me in your own time but-" his voice broke in a soft sob, "but you never did…"

Hannibal was there in a moment, the leg abandoned on a workbench as Hannibal hugged Will to him, "Will…" he murmured, "Clever… dear Will… I am so sorry… I wanted to tell you… but I felt I would lose you if I did…"

Will looked up at him, "I love you, Hannibal…" he said softly, "that isn't going to change… I don't care about Jack or the FBI or *any* of it! I just need *you*!"

Hannibal sighed softly, "My beautiful mate, you never cease to amaze me…"

Will smiled weakly, "You are my world, Hannibal… I can't lose that…"

Hannibal smiled, "I will never leave you behind again."

Will quit his job, saying he wanted to "Focus on family."

Jack was desperate, trying to convince him to stay, talking to Will, Calling Hannibal, pleading that they would keep helping him catch killers, catch the Ripper.

Hannibal sided with Will, telling Jack that Will's stress levels were not in a good place, that they were going to be traveling together and focusing on Will's health.

Jack tried at least once more, but to no avail. He even tried to get Bedelia to talk to Hannibal, but she refused.

Hannibal and Will, now working together, managed to pin the killings on Fredrick Chilton; they then kept up with copycat murders as they traveled around. They continued this until Chilton was released for lack of substantial evidence. Then they made a wonderful sounder.

Will smiled as he read through the Tattlecrime post about the scene.

Hannibal brought Will his breakfast, placing it on the table in front of Will as he kissed his loves temple "Bon appetit" he murmured softly.

Will purred happily, "Thank you, Hannibal."

Hannibal smiled back, "Of course, love."

Will began eating thoughtfully, "What do you think about France?"

Hannibal hummed thoughtfully, "I do still own my uncle's estate there."

Will chuckled, "Of course you do."

Hannibal smiled, "Would you like to visit there?"

Will nodded, "Let's."

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